

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, NO. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
 Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, September 26, 1801.

The Cacique of Ontario.

AN INDIAN TALE.

(CONCLUDED.)

MEANWHILE the arrival of some canoes filled with armed warriors attracted the notice of the assembly. They were transported with ecstasy and surprise when they descried the ensign of their nation, and recognized some of their brethren whom they imagined slain. The hopes of Marano were revived. She enquired eagerly for Oneyo. "He perished," answered an Indian. She grew pale; her voice faltered; faint and speechless, she fell back on the throbbing breast of Ononthio. "He perished," continued the Indian, "and with him the prime of our warriors. The armies of France and Britain were marshalled beneath the walls of Quebec. Direful was the havoc of battle. The earth trembled with the shock of the onset. The air was tortured with repeated peals. The commanders of both armies were slain. Their fall was glorious, for their souls were undaunted. Resentment inflamed the combatants. Keen and obstinate was the encounter. Albion at length prevailed. Her sons, like a rapid torrent, overthrew the ranks of their adversaries. We counselled Oneyo to retire. Raging against the foe, and performing feats of amazing valour, we saw him environed beyond all hope of retreat. We saw the impetuosity of a youthful warrior who brandished a bloody sword, rushing on to destroy him. We hastened from the field of death. We tarried some time in

the adjacent forests, and observed the progress of the foe. The walls of our allies were overthrown. The sword of Albion will pursue us, and our gallant warrior—our Oneyo is no more!"

This melancholy recital filled the audience with lamentation. But their sorrow was interrupted by the sudden astonishment of the narrator, casting his eyes accidentally on the Briton,—"Sieze him, tear him," he exclaimed; his was the lifted sword I beheld! It was he that cleft the breast of our chieftain!—It was he that destroyed our beloved Oneyo!"

The resentment of the assembly was again inflamed. "I am innocent of his blood," said the captive. But his declaration, and the entreaties of Ononthio in his behalf, were lost in furious screams and invectives. They dragged him again to the place of sacrifice. Marano distracted with contending woes, exclaimed—"Spare him! spare him! He is my brother!" fixing her eyes on him with a look of exquisite anguish, "whose hands are yet red with the blood of my husband!—and was there none but thee to destroy him?" "Tear him!" exclaimed the multitude. Marano clasped him to her bosom, and turning to the outrageous and menacing crowd, with a wild and frantic demeanour, "Bloody, bloody tho' he be, I will defend him, or perish! Let the same javelin transfix us both! Smite, and our kindred gore shall be mingled." The transcendent greatness of her calamity, who had lost a husband by the hand of a brother, and the resistless energy of her features, expressive of woe, tenderness, and despair, awed the violence of the assembly, and disposed them to pity. Ononthio took advantage of the change. He waved his hand with paternal love and authority. His hoary locks gave dignity to his gesture. The usual benignity of his

countenance was softened with sorrow. He spoke the language of his soul, and was eloquent?—spoke the language of feeling and was persuasive. They listened to him with profound veneration, were moved, and deferred the sacrifice. He then comforted Marano, and conveyed the captives to a place of security.

When they were apart from the multitude, "Tell me," said he to the Briton, "are you guiltless of the blood of my son?" "I know not," he replied, for he had resumed the pride of indignant courage. "I know not whom I have slain. I drew my sword against the foes of my country, and I am not answerable for the blood I have spilt." "Young man," said Ononthio, full of solicitude and paternal tenderness, "O reflect on a father's feelings. I had an only son. He was the prop and solace of my old age: if he hath gone down to darkness and the grave, I have no longer any joy in existence. But if he lives, and lives by thy clemency, the prayers of an old man shall implore blessings upon thee, and the Great Spirit shall reward thee." While he was yet speaking, a tear rose in his eye, his voice faltered, he sighed—"O tell me if my son survives." "I slew him not," he replied, "I know not that I slew thy son. To his name and quality I was a stranger. In the heat of the encounter a gallant Indian assailed me. He was tired and exhausted. I disarmed him, and my sword was lifted against his life. "Briton," said he, with a resolute tone, "think not that death dismays me. I have braved perils and the sword. I am not a suppliant for myself. I have an aged parent whose life depends on mine: the wife of my bosom is a stranger among my people, and I alone can protect her." "Generous youth," I replied, "go, comfort and protect thy friends." I sent him forthwith

from the field. I never inquired into his condition, for in preserving him I obeyed the dictates of my heart," Marano and Ononchio were overjoyed. But reflected that many days had elapsed since the discomfiture of their allies, and that hitherto they had received no intelligence of Oneyo, their joy suffered abatement.

Meanwhile Ononchio counselled his daughter to conduct the strangers to a distant retreat, and preserve them there, till by his influence and authority he had appeased his brethern. "Judge not unfavourably of my nation," said he, "from this instance of impetuosity. They follow the immediate impulse of nature, and are often extravagant. But the vehemence of passion will soon abate, and reason will resume her authority. You see nature unrestrained, but not perverted; luxuriant, wrathful; but to latent or lasting enmity they are utter strangers."

It was already night. The Indians were dispersed to their hamlets. The sky was calm, and unclouded. The full-orbed moon in serene and solemn majesty arose in the east. Her beams were reflected in a blaze of silver radiance from the smooth and untroubled breast of the lake. The grey hills and awful forests were solitary and silent. No noise was heard, save the roaring of a distant cascade. Marano, with the captives, issuing unperceived from the village, pursued their way along the silent shore, till they arrived at a narrow, unfrequented recess. It was opened to the lake, bounded on either side by abrupt and shelving precipices, arrayed with living verdure, and parted by a winding rivulet. A venerable oak overshadowed the fountain, and rendered the scene more solemn. The other captives were overcome with fatigue, and finding some withered leaves in an adjoining cavern, they indulged themselves in repose. Marano conversed with her brother; she poured out her soul in his sympathising bosom; she was comforted and relieved. While she leaned on his breast, while his arm was gently folded about her, a balmy slumber surprized them. Their features even in sleep preserved the character of their souls. A smile played innocently on the lips of Marano; her countenance was ineffably tender, and her tresses lay careless on her snowy bosom. The features of Sidney, of a bolder and more manly expression, seemed full of benignity and complacency. Calm and unruffled was their repose, they enjoyed the happy visions of innocence, and dreamed not of impending danger.

The moon in unrivalled glory, had now

attained her meridian, when the intermitting noise of rowers came slowly along the lake. A canoe was advancing, and the dripping oars arising at intervals from the water, shone gleaming along the deep. The boatmen, silent, and unobserved, moored their vessel on the sandy beach, and a young man of a keen and animated aspect, arrayed in the shaggy skin of a bear, armed with a bow and a javelin, having left his companions, was hastening along the shore. It was Oneyo. Having received wounds in the battle, he had been unable to prosecute his return, and had tarried with some Indians in the neighbourhood of Montreal. By the skilful application of herbs and balsams, his cure was at length effectuated, and he returned impatient to his nation.

"I will return secretly," he said, "I will enjoy the sorrow and regret of Marano, and of my brethren; who, doubtless, believe me dead. I will enjoy the ecstasy of their affection, and their surprise at my unexpected arrival. I will hasten to relieve her, and press her, weeping with joy, to my faithful bosom."

Such were the sentiments of anticipated rapture, that occupied the soul of Oneyo, when he discovered Marano in the arms of a stranger. He recoiled. He stood motionless in an agony of grief, anger, and astonishment. Pale and trembling, he uttered some words incoherently. He again advanced, again recognized her, then turning abruptly, in bitter anguish, smiting his breast, "Faithless and inconstant," he cried, "and is this my expected meeting! In the arms of a stranger! Arrogant invader of my felicity! He shall perish! His blood shall expiate his offence." Fury flashed in his eye, he grasped his javelin, he aimed the blow,—and recognized his deliverer. Surprise and horror seized him. "Injured by my deliverer! By him my soul revered! And shall I dip my hands in his blood! My life he preserved. Would to heaven he had slain me! Thus injured and betrayed, Oneyo shall not live. Thou great and universal Spirit, whose path is in the clouds! whose voice is in the thunder! O conduct me to the blissful valley, for Oneyo will not live!" He sighed. "One look, one parting look of my love. I believed her faithful, for her I lived, for her I die." He advanced towards her,—he gazed on her with anguish and regret. "She will not weep for me! Faithless and inconstant! She will exult! Exult to behold me bleeding! And shall it be! For this have I cherished her? Lavished my soul on her? To be betrayed? To give

her love to a stranger?" He paused, trembled, his countenance grew fierce, his eye wild, he grasped his javelin. Marano named him: her voice was soft and plaintive, her visions were of Oneyo. "O come," she said, "hasten to thy love! Tarry not, my Oneyo! How I long to behold thee!" "For this, said he, "I will embrace thee." He embraced her; she awakened, discovered her husband, and flew eagerly into his arms. He flung her from him with fierce indignation. "Away," he cried, "go, cherish thy stranger! Away, perfidious!" She followed him trembling and aghast. "He is my brother." "Thy brother?"—"Stranger," said he, to the Briton, who now approached him, "you preserved my life. You are generous and valiant. Tell me, then, am I to salute thee as a friend, and give full vent to my gratitude? Or must I view thee as a guileful seducer, and lift my javelin against thy life?"

The Briton perceiving his error, answered him with brevity and composure, he related to him the circumstances of his captivity, and in confirmation appealed to the testimony of his father. The Indian satisfied. He embraced them. They returned by morning to the village. Ononchio received them with becoming gladness, and the day was crowned with rejoicing.

PICTURE OF A REAL GENTLEMAN.

THE real gentleman has a heart that sympathises with the poor, and is susceptible of all the tender feelings; is a good husband; a loving parent; a sincere friend; a quiet neighbour, and a cheerful companion. Unbiassed by party, and unprejudiced by any set of men; he directs his principal attention to the good of the public, and to the satisfaction of the community. In charity he is liberal, without ostentation; and to the distressed he experiences himself a father, by acts of humanity. He is religious, without being an enthusiast; pious, without hypocrisy, and virtuous from innate principles of goodness. His deportment is graceful and easy, and his address engaging and complaisant. He is affable to his inferiors, agreeable with his equals, respectful to those who are above him, cringing to none, but polite to all.

EVERY little fly, and every little pebble, and every little flower, are tutors in the great school of nature, to instruct the mind and better the heart. The four elements are the four volumes in which all her works are written.

THE CHILD OF SNOW.

AN active and industrious merchant had occasion often to go abroad for a considerable time together, in the pursuit of his traffick. During one of his voyages, which lasted for more than two years, it happened that his wife became enamoured of a young neighbour. Love, which is restrained with difficulty, soon brought them together, but they managed their affairs in so bungling a manner, that at the expiration of about nine months, the merchant's wife found herself for the first time a mother. The merchant, on his return, was greatly surprised to find this acquisition to his family, and asked his wife to what accident they were indebted for it.—“Sir,” said she, “I happened one day to be reclining above stairs at the window, giving vent to my grief for your absence. It was in the winter season, and there was at that time a heavy fall of snow. As I cast up my streaming eyes to heaven, and heaved a sigh on thinking of you, a flake of snow accidentally made its way into my mouth, and I immediately found that I had conceived this child whom you now see.”

The merchant on hearing this story, did not betray the least symptoms of discontent or ill humour.—“Thanks be to God,” said he; “I have wished for an heir, and he has sent me one: I am satisfied and thankful for his bounty.” He indeed thenceforward affected the most entire satisfaction, never offered the least reproach to his wife, but lived in the same good understanding with her as before. Nevertheless this was all dissimulation—he had formed inwardly a resolution to be one day or another amply revenged.

The child, however, grew up, and had attained the age of fifteen, when the merchant, who was still occupied with his project of revenge, thought seriously of putting it into execution.—“Wife,” said he one day, “you must not be afflicted if I once more take my leave of you for a time. I am going upon a long journey to-morrow, and I desire you will get ready my baggage, and that of my son; for I mean to take him with me, that he may acquire some knowledge of trading while he is young.” “Alas!” replied the mother, “I am much grieved to hear that you are going to take him abroad so soon; but since it is for your satisfaction and his advantage, I submit. God be with you both, and bring you back in safety.” Matters being thus arranged, the merchant set off early next morning, and took the Child of Snow along with him.

It is needless to give the particulars of

the journey, or an account of the countries through which he passed. It is enough to mention, that on his arrival at Genoa, he found a Saracen merchant, bound for Alexandria, to whom he sold the boy as a slave. Afterwards having settled his own affairs at liesure, he returned home.

The imagination of an hundred poets combined would not give you an adequate description of the distraction of the mother, when she saw the merchant return without her son. She tore her hair, and fell into a fit of phrenzy. At length having recovered herself, she conjured her husband to tell her without reserve what had happened to the youth. The husband expected all this uproar; and therefore was not puzzled for an answer.—“Wife,” said he, “one cannot arrive to my age, without having had experience enough in the world to know the necessity of reconciling ones self to whatever may happen. For what do we gain by giving way to our affliction? Listen with fortitude to the misfortune that happened to us in the country whence I come. Your son and myself were on a sultry day climbing up a steep and lofty mountain. It was about noon, the sun was vertical over our heads, and burned like fire. When, behold, on a sudden, your son began to dissolve, and melted before my eyes! I would have offered him assistance, but knew that it would be vain; for I recollected that you told me he sprang out of a flake of snow.”

The wife knew perfectly well the merchant's meaning. She durst not, however, break out, but was obliged to swallow the liquor which she had brewed.

THE PASSIONS.

Anger inflames the blood, is a temporary deprivation of reason, and involve those who rather indulge than endeavour to conquer their resentments, in perpetual quarrels and contentions. *Envy* is a worm which corrodes the breast, and makes those who cherish it, miserable, because others are happy. *Pride* meets with daily mortifications, which more than counterbalance the splendor of rank, or gifts of fortune. *Vanity*, or an extravagant desire of admiration, is oftentimes fatal to virtue, and at last terminates in contempt. *Avarice*, or an inordinate love of wealth, destroys the finer feelings of humanity, and makes riches a curse instead of a blessing. The covetous neither enjoy the good things of life themselves, nor communicate a portion of them to others in distress; the relief of which to a generous mind, would be more gratifying than the contemplation of hoarded gold.

Dissimulation is not only odious in itself, but frequently destructive in its consequences. The artless and undesigning, who act from strict principles of integrity, never suspect the honour and veracity of another, till they both see and feel, from the misfortunes of others, and from their own experience, that promises are frequently made, only to deceive and betray. They become the dupes of treachery, because they expected truth, where they met with falsehood; and placed confidence where they should have harboured distrust. *Pleasure* is a bewitching syren, which flatters its votaries with unbounded delights, invites them to taste of the forbidden fruit, and at last plunges them into guilt and misery.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,
If the following Enigmatical Bill of Fare, for a dinner on the 4th of July, should meet with your approbation, by inserting it in your Repository, you will oblige a subscriber.

1. The grand Signor's dominions roasted, garnished with the best part of an office.
2. A taylor's pressing-iron roasted, with sauce of that which opened the eyes of Adam and Eve.
3. The conveyors of Venus in a pye.
4. The reverse of being proud, in a pye.
5. A dish with the divine parts of a man fried.
6. A dish with a sign in the zodiac, buttered.
7. A dish of drummers, boiled with soldier's sauce.
8. A dish with ten hundred thousand pounds.
9. A plate of mischief-makers.
10. A plate of couples.
11. Admiral Vernon's drops.
12. The joke of a puppet-show.
13. Counterfeit agony.
14. Soldiers' habitation, with a pretty lady in it.

AMUSEMENTS.

1. To burn a quantity of Indian weed.
2. To play at the hinder leg of a hog.

A solution is requested.

ANECDOTE.

Mr. REDMAN, first ecclesiastic of the Swedish church, Philadelphia, opened the subscriptions, for building a church, by personal donation. Some unforeseen event rendered him incapable of paying it, and to make good the deficiency he obliged himself to carry mortar, at a set price per day, till he had paid the utmost farthing.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THOUGHTS

DELIVERED IN THE FRANKLINEAN SOCIETY,
ON THIS QUESTION,

*"Are the Negroes equal to White
Men in point of Intellect?"*

BY A MEMBER.

(CONCLUDED.)

SUCH, Mr. P. is the accounts we have of the negroes from the best authorities.—And can a doubt remain? Can we for one moment shut our eyes on the truth, and assert they are a species of brutes? Will the Gentlemen still hold up the opinion of their being an intermediate link between men and brutes?—I hope not, Sir.—I trust these gentlemen will confer that honour on their own *intellects*, when the question comes to be taken, as to vote with us on the side of truth and humanity.

But leaving the coasts of Guinea, let us view the negro without the historian's help, and from our own observation, judge.—Among the many definitions which the word *man* has received, none pleases me better than this—He is a religious animal.—To this no brute can have any pretension. Let us examine the white and the black man then under this definition.—In a religious assembly do the whites behave better? Is the negroes' devotion less ardent? Do they appear less sincere? Do they conduct themselves with less decorum?—Let a white man, a stranger, go to the African Church, and I ask how will he be treated? Let a strange black go to one of our churches, will we treat him better?

If from these questions conclusions be drawn, what will be the result?—I am much of the opinion that the black man will receive the applause in the comparison. It has been objected that they are not as skilled in arts and sciences, and therefore they are inferior to us; their compositions are not equal to ours, therefore they are of a nature inferior to ours.—Listen to the language of history, and try if it can obviate this objection. Suppose that when Cæsar wrote home to the Senate of Rome, the state in which he found the Britons when he invaded that isle, and in classical Rome this question had been agitated—Are the Britons equal to us in point of intellect?—Undoubtedly had those gentlemen, who now oppose us, been then in existence, and admitted to give their opinion, they would have found numbers of proud Romans to applaud—the same ob-

jections would have answered which are now urged—but less favourable for the Britons. They went naked, had no religion we can find a trace of, they used their wives in common, they lived in huts, painted their bodies, and were barbarous in all their customs. Yet we find the British nation is not inferior to any in the world in point of intellect. Let it, I request you, Sir, be well remembered, that all the nations of the world, when traced up to their origin, are found in a state of barbarity, the Jewish excepted; and the arts and sciences have ever progressed as necessity required. Necessity required a hard metal—and iron was found; necessity required a method of working it—and immediately sprang up a smith. Thus as men increased, necessity required inventions, and they were found.—But the negroes are no poets, and they are no painters—If, Sir, all men, who are not poets and painters, were stricken off the list on which stands man, how would the woods of America, and the mountains of Europe, be stocked with ouran-outangs—Such arguments deserve not a serious answer. Had the Gentlemen who bring this as an argument, understood the subject better, they would have found it to be an established opinion, that poetry is the language of nature, and that all nations, in a barbarous state, speak in a figurative poetic style—Gentlemen who would wish to see a full confirmation of this, will find their curiosity abundantly satisfied by consulting "Smith on the Origin of Language."—On this subject I shall not at present trespass on your time, but only mention that the Arabic language is that spoken in Guinea, that it is, like all the languages of the east, highly poetical, and when well spoken, is poetry, although in the form of prose.

But says an ingenious gentleman of my acquaintance, if they were not inferior to us in point of intellect, they would have adopted our form of government, been united in one, whereas now they are divided into a multiplicity of petty governments devouring each other. To this I answered, does not this observation equally militate against the aborigines of this country? Undoubtedly.—And pray, Sir, what mighty advantages have resulted to man from this concentration of petty governments? You say these tribes are ever at war; but ask the world, if savages have destroyed as many human beings by war these 100 years, as civilized Europe has destroyed in the 10 years last past.

Objection. They sell for slaves criminals and prisoners. Polite Englishmen

transport their felons,—and starve their prisoners to death.—Which act most barbarously—the negro prince sells his prisoners, and the English imprison theirs; refine upon cruelty, and consume them by inches. Witness, Americans, the Jersey prison-ship, and then tell the force of this objection.

Sir, the doctrine that the negro is inferior in point of intellect, is deserving of very serious consideration.—One Gentleman says, had the question been of the Esquimaux or Laplanders, he would give up the point. To me it appears, if intellect in one man can be proven to be inferior to intellect in another man, the question must be decided in favour of our opponents—I shall therefore endeavour to prove that intellect, or soul, is equal in all and every man.

The soul is the principle of perception, memory, intelligence, and volition in man. It is an immaterial being, or essence, which God directly breathes into the organized body. To prove that the soul is immaterial, and answer the arguments advanced by materialists, I shall not attempt. Not that I shrink from the task, but because I think it would be an infringement of one of the laws of this institution. Nor shall I attempt to prove that the negro has a *soul*, as that has been established in the most satisfactory manner.

When God infused the soul into the body, either she had the powers of perception, memory, intelligence and will, or she had not;—if she had not, from whence was she to acquire them?—from Body?—No, these are not the qualities of body—nor can they result from both united, if neither of them possess any; for the result of the energies of the whole can be nothing more than the result of the energies of all the parts. We must therefore admit that the soul, possessing capacity, and truly a thinking, reflecting, intelligent being, is infused into the body.

Again, if the soul be immaterial, it can exist independent of matter—This is the doctrine that yields us comfort—and we affirm and believe that when this body mixes with its kindred dust, the soul shall return to God who gave it. But it will return with the same original powers, or new ones; if with new powers, I ask again from what origin will they spring?—And if she does thus return she will not be the same identical soul, but a new one, in which the original one is absorbed, and her identity lost—as the small rill, which, after a thousand meanderings, falls into the river, and there loses its individuality.

But, says one Gentleman, from whom

with diffidence I dissent, in the origin of the world this doctrine was true, but their intellectual powers have degenerated.—If souls were produced as bodies are, this doctrine might indeed be true;—but if the soul be not produced, but infused; if the soul be not matter finely modified, but the breath of Deity himself—I would ask that Gentleman, how can that breath of Deity which enlightens his body or mind, be less intelligent than the breath of the same Deity which enlightened a Solomon or a Paul? It is impossible, Sir; God does not infuse degenerate souls; from his hand they came all alike endowed, he is no respecter of persons. The Gentleman will ask, Why then do not all perceive alike? I answer, Why does not B. see as well in a house into which the sun's beams penetrate by a small hole, as in one sufficiently lighted by windows?—the defect is not in B. but in the house.—The soul would ever perform its part, but it dwells in a house of clay—it acts through an organized system, brought into being by the instrumentality of man, and by its imperfection, proving it original. But the soul of perfect capacity proceeded immediately from God, and by its perfection also proves its high descent. “The soul, (says an ingenious author,) is like a skilful mechanic, placed in a work-shop to perform a nice piece of workmanship—but on examination he finds the materials are not as yet fit—the tools are blunt, the shop all in disorder,—and first of all these must be put to rights, and he also must use himself to the tools there found, before he can commence business.

Miss Hannah Moore beautifully expresses the opinion I have just advanced, in the following lines:

Perish the illiberal thought, which would debase
The native genius of the sable race:
Perish the proud philosophy which sought,
To rob them of the power of equal thought.
Does then the immortal principle within,
Change with the casual colour of the skin?
Does matter govern spirit, or is mind
Degraded by the form to which 'tis join'd?
No, they have heads to think, and hearts to feel,
And souls to act with firm tho' erring zeal;
For they have keen affections and desires,
Love strong as death, and active patriot fires;
All the rude energy, the fervid flame,
Of high soul'd passion, and ingenuous shame.
Strong but luxuriant virtues boldly shoot
From the bold vigour of a savage root.

Even on the doctrine of materialism, it would be dangerous for them to admit of the degeneracy of soul or intellect; because if souls are material and produced—and if they degenerate, as one Gentleman tells us other animals do, man might degenerate until he would cease to be man, and become a brute; for every mind being pro-

duced, clogged with a new degeneracy, partial would soon end in total. But this doctrine would so strongly militate against the wisdom and goodness of Deity, in loading the mind of one with the degeneracy of all who preceded him, that I am convinced no man in this society will be hardy enough to support it.

You may still ask, whence comes the variety of talents that appear in the world? I answer, from the circumstances in which men are placed, from education, from the perfection of the organized system, with many other causes unknown to us. When the soul becomes an inhabitant of this clay tenement, she must act through its organs; in acting her powers expand, but she receives none new. As the child of an hour old is a man in all its parts, and by age only strengthens them, but receives none new. “Or, (as says the ingenious Dr. Clark) in a grain of corn there is contained a minute insensible seminal principle, which is itself the entire future blade or ear, and in due season, when all the rest of the grain is corrupted, evolves and unfolds itself visibly into that form.

From what I have said I deduce the following plain prepositions:

1st. If all souls, as they come from their Maker, are equal, which I think I have proved—then the soul of the negro is equal to the soul of the white man; and as precious in the sight of its Cause.

2nd. If the soul of the negro is equal to the soul of the white man, then the reason of their difference, is the difference of their education, and not a want of intellectual powers.

Gentlemen have wished us to compare the abilities which have appeared among the negroes with that among the whites; but to me it appears, that this would be spending time to little purpose; we do not argue that they are as well informed as we are, but that if placed in the same circumstances, they are as capable of improvement as we are.—We do not argue that they have advanced as far in the path of science as we, but that their intellect, or soul, is not, in itself considered, inferior to ours;—and we might as well reason, that because among children, there could be no great poets, statesmen or painters, therefore their intellect or soul was inferior to the intellect or soul of their fathers.—But on such a subject it is needless to insist. As long as the infamous slave-trade is permitted in this world, so long will this unfeeling doctrine have its advocates; but when the spirit of Christianity shall prevail over the spirit of covetousness, when men

will not only learn but practise that sublime doctrine, which instructs us to do unto all men as we would they should do unto us, then the negro will be no more called a species of monkey, or a link of the chain which connect man and brute; he will then be found to be what he really is, equal to us in point of intellect.

N. B. It was determined in the Society by a great majority, that they are equal.

GOOD NEWS

To those whom it may concern.

HUFELAND, a German writer, has published a work, entitled *The Art of Prolonging Life*, in which he gives the following description of a man, who, from physical and moral causes, is most likely to live to a great age:—“He should be of the middle size, well proportioned, hair chesnut colour, head rather large than small, veins strong, shoulders round, breast large, voice manly, sense exquisite, pulse slow and uniform, stomach excellent, appetite keen, fond of the table, without giving himself up too much to its pleasures, eating sparingly, rarely thirsty; an ardent thirst being a sign of a rapid consumption; countenance serene, eye quick; heart accessible to love, to hope, and to joy, but inaccessible to hate, to choler, and to envy; fond of business, meditations, and agreeable reveries; an optimist, in the full force of the term; a friend of nature, and of domestic happiness, without ambition, without avarice, without inquietude: a man thus formed, will live from 110 to 140 years.”

COMMUNICATION.

Messrs. Stewart and Ackerman, of this city, are about publishing the “*Minstrel*,” a novel. To the lovers of this species of writing, (of whom there are not a few,) this work will prove a most agreeable repast. It possesses a peculiar elegance and energy of style—the incidents are varied, finely imagined, and supported with uncommon propriety. Numerous historical facts of the 16th century, are judiciously interwoven with the plot, and form an interesting and instructive portion of the work.

HUMAN thoughts are like the planetary system, where many are fixed and many wander, and many continue for ever unintelligible; or rather like meteors, which generally lose their substance with their lustre.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

THE communication of W. B. is now before me; I shall endeavour to give it a fair and candid examination.

I am charged by this writer, with "altering and almost ruining one of the best pieces of music in our possession at the present day." This is a charge of an high and interesting nature, which deserves a thorough investigation, and which, if it can be supported, will stand as a *black mark* in my character. But I trust that I shall be able to evince to the public that it is not founded upon truth or justice. I shall therefore proceed to a brief consideration of the accusation exhibited against me.

There are two things in this charge which require attention. The first is "placing the original Tenor in the stave appropriated for the Counter;" and the second, "making the most insipid and flat Tenor (to all musical ears) that it were possible for me to make."

To the first of these I observe, that W. B. has mistaken my alterations for the original, and the original for my alterations. It is evident that he never saw the original; and that what gave him such apparent satisfaction, and was so grateful to his ears, is the tune as altered by me; and that which has been so disgusting to him, is the tune in its original form.

The original piece had no Tenor. It consisted of only three parts, viz. first and second Treble, and Bass. The name by which this tune was first known, was *The Dying Christian*.—It was never called *New-York* till I gave it that name, when first published with the alteration to which W. B. alludes.

In the early part of my attention to the art of singing, I was convinced that a just stile of music would give the principal melody to the Treble; and that a second Treble would be more melodious than a Counter. Before I saw or heard of this tune, I published a number of tunes and set pieces in this way; but soon found that the prevailing taste in this country was such as would render it very difficult to stem the current of opposition to this method. For this reason, when I first published *New-York*, (which was in 1786,) I thought best, so far to accommodate and gratify the Tenor singers, as they are disposed to engross the best part, as to give them the second best. And it appears this is the part of the tune (stiled by him "the original Tenor,") that has touched the feelings of W. B. and has been a source of such great

satisfaction to him. Now it is not a little gratifying to me, on reflection, to think that my labours should be the cause of affording so much pleasure, *even* to an enemy.

But, when I republished *New-York* in the third number of my Musical Magazine, I restored the second Treble to its original standing, the Counter stave; and instead of the Counter I before gave it, inserted a Tenor.—This brings me to the second thing in the charge—that of adding a Tenor, "the most insipid and flat that it were possible for me to make." Here, permit me to observe, the writer may also labour under a mistake, as well as in the other case; not having seen all my compositions, he may perhaps be unacquainted with the extent of my genius in composing *flat* and *insipid* things! Be this as it may, if the Tenor I have added is found to have injured the piece, is it not very easy to drop it, and sing the tune in three parts, according to its original design? This writer, however, must be very ignorant of the principles of composition, to suppose, that a Tenor can be added to such a piece, consisting of elegant melody. After the laws of melody are exhausted in the formation of the three principal parts, the fourth part, which is only added to fill the harmony, must be exceedingly limited in respect of melody. Hence the great object of this fourth part is *harmony*, and not melody; and the principles of harmony must be violated to make it otherwise. But the truth is, I have, in many instances, deviated from these principles in that Tenor, for the sake of the melody, and to accommodate it to the taste of this country, the rage of which is for music formed without any just ideas of composition, and contrary to the true principles of the art.—This observation I make with regret—not with a view to throw reflections on my country, or its musical professors; but, if possible, to lead the public to more just ideas of the science.

The above is a *fair statement* of facts; I shall now submit them to the reader, and leave him to judge and determine which of us, the writer or myself, is the *conceited genius*, who ought to be treated with the contempt he suggests. I am, Sir,

With sentiments of esteem,
Yours,

ANDREW LAW.

Philadelphia, September 23d, 1801.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

A publication appeared in your last weeks Repository, representing a partiality

to the Uranian Society, and some animadversions on the musical talents of Mr. Law. The piece was presented to two directors of that Society, at the same time charging them, or some other of its members, with being the Author. We feel ourselves thus disagreeably called upon to answer the charge, as it is entirely contrary to the principles which the first promoters of the institution would wish to maintain, and inimical to that harmony and correspondence they desire to observe with all professors of sacred music, agreeable to regulations. We therefore do assert, that neither of us had any knowledge of the piece above mentioned until it appeared in public.

This society was established for no other purpose but to improve in sacred music—free from any malevolent designs towards any person whatever. Proposals, and some arrangements were made for its establishment, previous to the return of Mr. Law to Philadelphia, altho' he has openly asserted it was against himself. Our society is at present in its infancy, and does not profess any great proficiency, but would wish to pursue our first object. We are not disposed to arrogate to ourselves the encomiums of W. B. nor resent the mistaken charge of Mr. Law, but only lament his want of sociability.

JESSE DICKENSON,
EDWARD STAMMERS,
JACOB MITCHEL,
NATHAN CHAPIN. } *Directors
of the
Uran. Soc.*

REMARKABLE STORY OF A GHOST.

[From a late European Publication.]

AT a town in the west of England was held a Club of twenty-four people, which assembled once a week to drink punch, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like Ruben's academy at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the President was more exalted than the rest. One of the members had been in a dying state for some time; of course his chair, whilst he was absent, remained vacant.

The club being met on their usual night, enquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went himself to enquire after him, and returned with the dismal tidings that he could not possibly survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them, were ineffectual.

About midnight, (the time by long prescription appropriated for the walking of spec-

(res) the door opened, and the form, in white, of the dying, or rather of the dead man, walked into the room, and took his seat in his accustomed chair. There he remained in silence—and in silence was he gazed at!!! The apparition continued in the chair a sufficient time to assure all present of the reality of the vision. At length he arose and stalked towards the door, which he opened, as if living—went out, and shut the door after him.

After, a long pause, some one at last had the resolution to say, "If only one of us had seen this, he would not have been believed. But it is impossible that so many of us can have been deceived." The company by degrees recovered their speech, and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up, and went home. In the morning enquiry was made after their sick friend. It was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly about the time of his appearance in the room. There could be little doubt before, but now nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been seen by so many persons together. It is needless to say, that such a story, spread over the country, and found credit even from infidels. For in this case all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact, attested by three and twenty witnesses. Years rolled on. The story ceased to engage attention, and was forgotten, unless when occasionally introduced to silence an unbeliever.

One of the Club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice he was called to a old woman, whose profession was attending on sick persons—She told him she would leave the world with a quiet conscience, but for one thing which lay on her mind. Do you remember Mr. *** whose ghost has been so much talked of? I was his nurse—the night he died I left his room for something I wanted. I am sure I had not been absent long; but at my return I found the bed without my patient. He was delirious, and I feared he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir! But after some time, to my great astonishment he entered the room, shivering and his teeth chattering, laid down on the bed, and died—considering my negligence as the cause of his death, I kept this as a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. I knew by what had happened, that it was he himself who had been at the club-room (perhaps

recollecting it was the night of meeting;) but I hope God and the poor gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented—!!

ANECDOTE.

WHEN Lee was manager at Edinburgh, he was determined to improve upon thunder, and so having procured a parcel of nine pound shot, they were put into a wheel-barrow, to which he fixed an octagon wheel. This done, ridges were placed at the back of the stage, and one of the carpenters was ordered to trundle the wheel-barrow so filled, backwards and forwards over these ridges. The play was Lear, and really in the two first efforts the thunder had a good effect. At length as the king was braving the "pelting of the pitiless storm," the thunderer's foot slipped, and down he came wheel-barrow and all. The stage being on a declivity, the balls made their way towards the orchestra, and meeting with but a feeble resistance from the scene, laid it flat upon its face. This storm was more difficult for Lear to stem than the one he had before complained of. The balls taking every direction, he was obliged to skip about to avoid them like the man who dances the egg-hornpipe. The fiddlers, in alarm for their cat-gut, hurried out of the orchestra, and to crown this scene of glorious confusion, the sprawling thunderer lay prostrate in sight of the audience, like another Salmoneus.

PHILADELPHIA,

SEPTEMBER 26, 1801.

Marriages.

Though you poor orb no warmth bestows,
And storms united meet;
The flame of love and friendship glows—
With unextinguish'd heat.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Helfenstein, Mr. Charles Harford, to Miss Mary Auner.... On the 22d, at Friends' Meeting, Mr. John Bacon, son of the late Job Bacon, Esq. to Miss Mary Ann Warder, daughter of Mr. John Warder, merchant.

.....At New-York, on the 15th, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, W. Nelson, esq. to Lady Catharine Duer, relict of Col. William Duer, deceased, and daughter of the late Earl of Sterling.

.....At Baltimore, on the 17th, by the Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. William Stewart, to Miss Eliza Hagerty, both of that city.

.....At Mount Prospect, on the 24th, by the Right Rev. Dr. White, Richard Renshaw, Esq. to Miss Mary E. Johnston.

Deaths.

"Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd,
"What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy
"The hardest Fame!!
"The all-surrounding Heav'n, the vital air
"Is big with Death!" ARMSTRONG.

DIED....In this city....On the 20th inst. Herman Stump, Esq. of Harford, Maryland....Same day, Mr. John Harrison....On the 25th, Mr. Peter Mackenheimer, Aet. 50.

.....At Morris-Town, on the 16th, Silas Condict, Esq. Aet. 61.

.....At Annapolis, Maryland, (late-ly) Mrs. Mary Dulany, relict of the late honourable Walter Dulany, formerly of that place.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Female Traveller" would be fully as interesting were she to send us an account of her lap-dog.
"The Commentator, No. 21." has been unavoidably postponed, but will appear next week.
"An Admirer of the Repository" will oblige the editor by calling at the office.
"Somebody" is informed that the "Universal Hymn of Praise" was handed the editor by the author himself. —its having been published before can be no objection. The other article he refers to, has we believe been already noticed.
"A Young Artist." is postponed, as the editor has reason to doubt its being original.

To the Ladies and Gentlemen of Philadelphia.

Lately imported by the subscriber, an elegant assortment of the most fashionable Fancy Ornaments; consisting of bronzed figures for supporting lights of Ceres and Juno, with double brass branches. Ditto, figures of Historic and Lyric Muses, with single branches for one light each. Ditto, of sitting and standing Cupids, with marble pedestals and single branches. Ditto, Busts of Buonaparte and Charles James Fox, Shakespeare and Milton. Also, a great variety of highly finished Plaster de Paris Medals, alabaster stands, with egg, custard and jelly cups to ditto, complete. A great variety of Derbyshire sparr and alabaster grottos of elegant colours. Masonic and other fancy Devices, Statuary Marble, Imitation Fruit of superior colours, warranted to stand. Likewise a general assortment of well finished Composition Ornaments, suitable for the decoration of the inside of public and private buildings. And for the use of Carvers and Gilders, have also a quantity of Gold-leaf, Needle-points, pipe clay, Corinthian and Ionic Capitals, Beads, Strap and Laurel-leaf, of every size. The above to be sold low for cash or approved notes, by applying to

ROBERT WELLFORD,

No. 47, Chesnut, near Second-street.

September 26th, 1801.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

The following ODE, from the PINDARICA of the facetious PETER PINDAR, is, we believe, but little known in this country. It is replete with all that characteristic humour which so peculiarly distinguishes this writer. Occasionally to varieguate our pages with such laughter-provoking effusions, will not, it is conjectured, prove unacceptable to a majority of our readers.

ODE TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

LOVE is a pretty passion, to be sure ;
And long, say I indeed, may love endure !
Yet now and then to prudence should it look,
Yes, take a little leaf from wisdom's book.

Our boys, alas ! begin too soon to sigh,
Mourn the pierc'd heart, and lay them down
to die ;
Just like expiring swans with tuneful breath,
Sweet rhyming in the agonies of death.

Too soon the girls abuse of pens the nib,
And pour their little groaning souls on paper ;
Love should not come till time removes the
Misses should learn to walk before they ca-
per.

Love, tho' it deals in sweets, has many sour ;
It does not always furnish happy hours,
Putting us oft in dismal situations :
The novelty sets people's souls a longing—
What thousands to their ruin thus are
thronging !

Indeed we see the ruin in all nations.

I fear love does at times a deal of harm :
It keeps the world alive, it is confess'd ;
So far, indeed, I like the pleasing charm—
Yet, yet, thro' love, what thousands are
distress'd !

"Give me," exclaims the Youth,—"but hea-
venly kissing, (missing ;
"And lo, I seek nought else, for nought is
"Let me for ever dwell on Chloe's lip ;
"On Chloe's bosom let me only lie ;
"There pour in sweetest ecstasy the sigh,
"And like the bee, the honey'd treasure sip.

"I heed not fragrant wines, nor flesh, nor
fish ;
"Chloe is all I want, and all I wish !"

And thus again the raptur'd Nymph exclaims,
"Sweet are of love the sighs, and dear the
flames ! (of life :

"Love smiles away the dark'ning clouds
"Love feels no rains, nor storms, nor pinch-
ing cold : (clothes, gold :

"Love wants not fire, nor candle, meat,
"All bliss is center'd in that one word—
Wife."

THE OWL AND PARROT.

(From the same.)

AN OWL fell desprately in love, poor soul !
Sighing and hooting in his lonely hole—
A Parrot the dear object of his wishes,
Who in her cage enjoy'd the loaves and fishes,

In short, had all she wanted—meat and drink,
Washing and lodging—full enough, I think.

Squire Owl most musically tells his tale ;
His oaths, his squeezes, kisses, sighs, prevail :
Poli cannot bear, poor heart, to hear him
grieve,

So opes her cage, without a "By your leave ;"
Are married, go to bed with raptur'd faces,
Rich words, and so forth, usual in such cases.

A day or two pass'd amorously sweet ;
Love, kissing, cooing, billing, all their meat :
At length they both felt hungry—"What's
for dinner ? (Poli.—

"Pray what have we to eat, my dear ?" quoth
"Nothing ! by all my wisdom," answer'd
Owl ;

"I never thought of that, as I'm a sinner.

"But Poli, on something I shall put my pats,
"What say'st thou, deary, to a dish of rats ?"

"Rats ! mister Owl, d'ye think that I'll eat
rats ? (cats,

"Eat them yourself, or give them to the
Whines the poor bride, now bursting into
tears.—

"Well Polly would you rather dine on mouse ?"

"I'll catch a few, if any in the house ;

"Thou shalt not starve, love, so dispel
thy fears."

"I won't eat rats, I won't eat mouse, I won't,

"Don't tell me of such dirty vermin—don't :

"O that within my cage I had but tarried !"

"Polly," quoth Owl, "I'm sorry I declare,

"So delicate, you relish not our fare—

"You should have thought of that before
you married."

[The three last verses, in which PETER sheweth his
teeth against the French, we have left out, as irrelevant
to the subject.]

A LOVE PIECE, IN SIMILIES.

Jam dudum ausculto.

LUCINDA dark as troubled sea,
As black as jet can frown,
Sometimes as mild as April day,
She beams like spangled gown.

As fickle as a weather-cock,
She turns like spinning-wheel ;
Tho' often steady as a rock,
She proves as hard as steel.

As gaudy as the butterfly,
And like the peacock vain ;
Her heart uncertain as a die,
As hard as flint to gain.

As florid as the blushing rose,
And like the lily fair ;
As meek as lamb in soft repose,
Sometimes as frost severe.

As innocent as turtle-dove,
Sometimes as cross as cat ;
Tho' Cupid like, when deep in love,
As blind as any bat.

As wise as serpent can appear,
As cunning as pet fox ;
As light as feather, insincere,
Like cynic orthodox.

Her love like meteor in the sky,
As bubble dies when born ;

Hops like a ball, and off can fly,
Like shadows over corn.

As sweet as music to the ear,
Then bitter as a pill ;
As changeable as wind can veer,
Assure as gun can kill.

As sprightly as a widow's vow,
Then sober as a snail,
As stiff as cloths her lovers now,
Lie dead as a door nail.

Now mild as any custard got,
Tho' deep as a draw-well ;
When anger rises mustard hot,
Can toll like any bell.

From love to love, like arrow flies,
Or chaff before the wind ;
Then quick as thought her passion dies,
Like fortune ever blind.

As merry as a cricket she,
As cold as ice can prove,
Tho' jack-indifferent she be,
Still like a fool I love.

TO ZEPHYRUS.

THOU who dost love to wander in the wood-
lands,

Thou who with April lovest to disport thee,
Hear me, O thou, the vital breath of Venus,
Hear me, O Zephyr !

If thou hast ever heard my sighs of anguish,
If thou hast ever heard my 'plaint of passion,
Hear now and fly to that beloved damsel,
Tell her I perish.

There was a time when Phillis knew I lov'd
her, (pity ;

There was a time when Phillis too could
Past is that time, and now, alas ! I tremble,
Dreading her anger.

So may the heavens with their love benign-
ant ; (nal,

So may the high Gods with their love pater-
Suffer no snow to chill thee, as at evening
Gaily thou sportest.

So may no dark cloud pregnant with the
tempest,
Pour its rude waters heavy on thy plumage ;
So may the hard hail never bruise thy pinions ;
Go gentle Zephyr.

AUSONIUS'S EPIGRAM ON DIOGENES ;

Translated by the late Dr. Robertson of Wolverhampton.

A bag, meal, thread-bare cloak, staff, wood-
en dish,

Were all the goods Diogenes could wish :
But these he found too much, when on the
brink

He saw Tim's hollow hand scoop up his
drink.

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the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price
6½ cents each number, payable every four
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